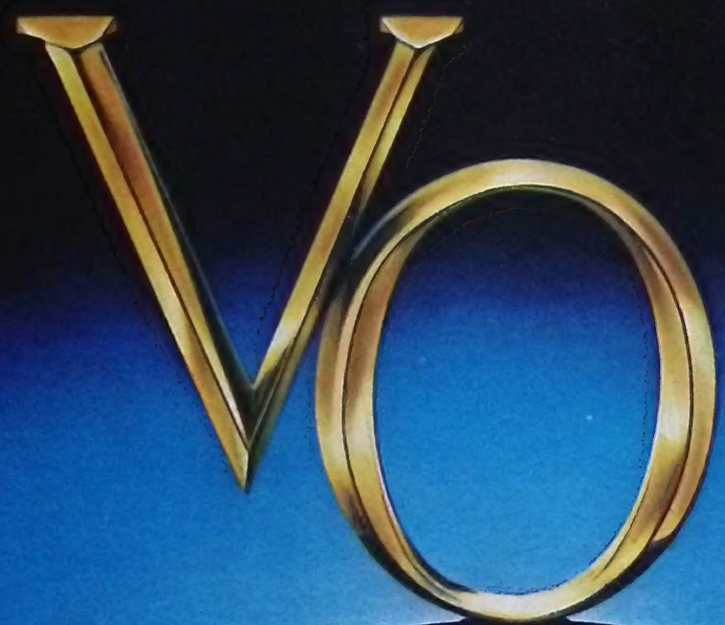
VOLUME 5 NO. 3 MAY/JUNE 1980

MARQUEE

IN A DISTANT GALAXY...

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

When you want great taste, spell it out.



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VOLUME 5 NO. 3 MAY/JUNE 1980

MARQUEE

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GREENPEACE

FROM SPARK

by George Anthony

HOLLYWOOD — When friends of John Travolta asked him to join them at a local hot spot recently, he begged off.

"To be perfectly honest with you," said Travolta, "I'm sick of disco."

Surely he has only himself to blame.

Travolta's historic big-screen bow in **Saturday Night Fever** is a box-office legend now, but it's also a milestone in musical history. His stunning solo turned the world on to disco fever, and the record business has never been the same.

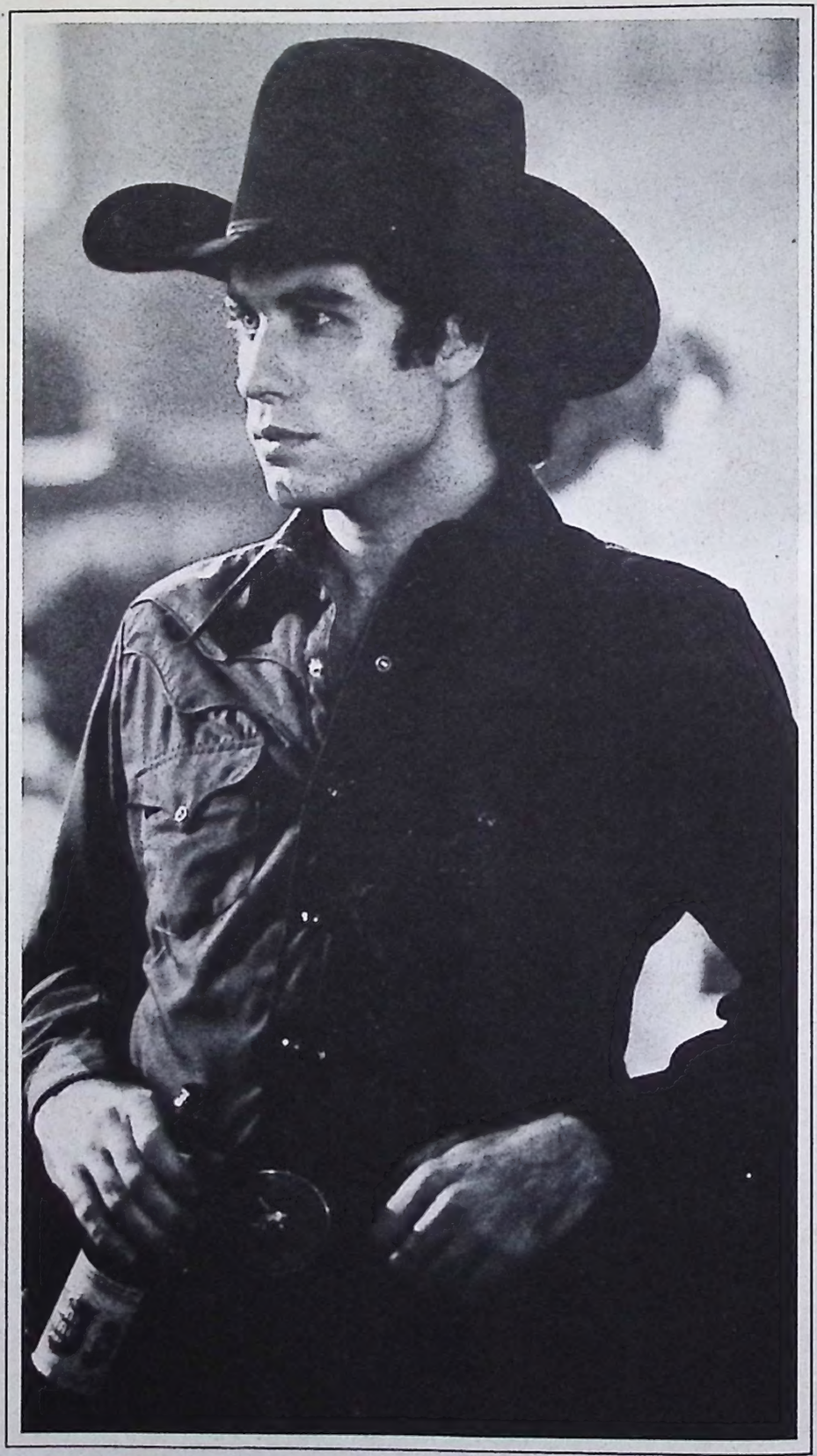
By summer, however, disco will be long gone — or so the pundits predict. And by September everyone will be moving and grooving to a new dance called the Cotton-Eyed Joe.

Why? Because Travolta goes country-western in his new movie, **Urban Cowboy**, which is expected to shake up both the music and fashion industries when it premieres.

Following in the phenomenally successful footsteps of **Saturday Night Fever** and **Grease**, the advent of **Urban Cowboy** will be preceded by the release of a double album — highly hummable, daringly danceable tunes recorded by the biggest names in C & W music.

Already locked onto acetate are Linda Ronstadt, Boz Scaggs, Bonnie Raitt, Charlie Daniels, J.D. Salther and The Eagles. But **Urban Cowboy's** biggest musical coup, according to Travolta, was coaxing Anne Murray to sing the wedding waltz that backgrounds the biggest romantic scene in the $12 million movie.

"Wait till you hear it!" he says excitedly. "It's out of this world. And so is she."



LES TO SPURS

Does Travolta dance in the picture?

"Yes. But," he adds quickly, "dancing is not a main feature of the story. In **Fever** the guy was famous for his dancing. In this one he's just a guy who knows how to dance."

Urban Cowboy, I hasten to add, is not a musical. Based on an *Esquire* magazine piece by Aaron Latham, it's the true-to-life saga of today's Texas jocks who live blue-collar lives by day and western fantasies by night. Their personal dream factory is Gilley's, the block-long warehouse saloon that has become a Houston landmark. And it is there that they rustle drinks, hustle cowgirls and try to best the mechanical bull.

The mechanical bull is the modern macho test. It's called an El Toro Bucking Machine — yes, it's a manufactured, special catalogue item. Travolta hired a professional bull rider to give him some lessons on surviving it, then installed a practice bull in his Santa Barbara ranch before tackling Gilley's original in Houston.

Neither producer Robert Evans nor director James Bridges was about to let John get hurt.

Before Travolta left for Houston to start shooting **Urban Cowboy**, he told me he was thinking of nixing all press interviews for a year. When I wondered out loud if his decision had been influenced by the harsh reviews for **Moment By Moment**, his ill-fated flick with Lily Tomlin, he just grinned.

"Hey, I'm not mad at anybody," he said with a lazy shrug. "But I don't think there are any questions I haven't been asked, or any new answers left. Honestly, I've said it all."

I found that hard to dispute. Ever since his phenomenal rise to fame, almost every aspect of his life has been scrutinized, cross-examined and re-examined by the media. Growing up in New Jersey, off-Broadway shows, Broadway musicals, national tours, girlfriends, records, his Big Break (TV's *Welcome Back, Kotter*), working with Brian DePalma (**Carrie**), falling in love with the doomed Diana Hyland, coming of age in **Saturday Night Fever**, making more box-office history in **Grease**, pursuing Lily for **Moment By Moment**, sticking by it because they both believed so much, suffering throughout the death of his mother, leaving **American Gigolo** to take six months off "just for me," opening his own production company for Orion, signing the deal to do **Urban Cowboy**. Every magazine was full of him, every newspaper's file overflowing.

"Anyway," he added matter-of-factly, "I think people must be getting sick of reading about me."

Fat chance. A few months earlier, *Us* magazine had produced a bitchy-but-grabby cover story called Who's Hot And Who's Not — sort of a poor man's 'In' list — and had listed Travolta under Who's Not. By the time John got to Houston *Us* was waiting in line for a cover story, like anyone else, except this time the answer was No.

Once the press realized that Travolta wouldn't talk they sought out director Bridges, who had just had a mammoth hit with **The China Syndrome**. However, Bridges apparently saw the potential offset freedom Travolta's stance was affording him and adopted the same policy: No interviews, no press, no visitors on the set.

John, in the meantime, was ensconced in his own Houston residence, with hot-running staff and cold-running swimming pool. Far from being a recluse, he was sauntering around town, not quite anonymous in the bushy beard he had cultivated during his six-month hiatus.

Not that he went unnoticed, of course. When he shopped for groceries he was asked to autograph the receipt tape. (The clerk at Weingarten's told Houston's *City* magazine that he had bought "all kinds of stuff," including hot dogs, yogurt and five or six cartons of Haagen-Dazs ice cream.) When he visited the Tokyo Gardens Restaurant the manager Xeroxed his credit card and framed the result. When no other traces of Travolta could be found, garbagemen Lonnie Elliott and Tommy Scheffer dumped John's trash into the car trunk of beseeching groupies.

The big "scoop" came at last: The Battle Of The Beard. Little rumors that Travolta was feuding with producer Evans flowered and bloomed into big rumors after John expressed a desire to keep his beard for his movie role.

"I insisted his beard come off and Travolta and all his people were very upset," Evans told the *L.A. Times*. "I'm making one Travolta picture in my career and I want him without a beard."

Their "huge conflict" over John's whiskers was resolved. Travolta appears, with beard, in the film's early sequences, then emerges clean-shaven soon after.

An old hand at producing blockbusters, Evans is on a first-name basis with the world's most high-profile personalities. "But Travolta is something else again," he told me recently. "He may be the greatest star Hollywood has ever produced. He certainly creates more excitement on and off the screen than anyone else I can think of. He's only in his twenties and he's already a remarkable character actor.

"And yes, he's absolutely great in the role."★

I DREAM OF GENIE

by Sylvia Train

The heavens weren't kind to the stars at the Academy of Canadian Cinema's first annual presentation of the Genie Awards. It rained, but it didn't stop the evening from being one of the most glamorous, exciting, star-studded events ever seen in Canada.

The Canadian Film Development Corporation hosted a lavish pre-telecast party at Stop 33 in the Sutton Place Hotel for the Academy, nominees and special guests. It was an ideal setting for the glittering affair with it's black marble entrance and panoramic view of Toronto. CFDC host Michael McCabe wasn't fooling when he called his party a Champagne Celebration — Mumm's Cordon Rouge was served with the most exotic array of sumptuous hors d'oevres I've seen in a long time.

There were as many stars in the room as in the heavens and all were dressed beautifully. Outside the hotel, limousines were lined up for a block to transfer the celebrities to the Royal Alexandra Theatre where the presentations were to take place before a national television audience.

Waiting outside the theatre, klieg lights, television cameras and an enormous crowd of fans braved the rain to see their favorite star arrive. They weren't disappointed.

The ooh's and aah's were heard continuously as Margot Kidder, Lee Majors, Susan Anspach, Felicia and Jack Lemmon, Will Sampson, Christopher Plummer, Helen Shaver, Celine Lopez, Norman Jewison, Bill Murray, Donald Sutherland, Gordon Pinsent, Al Waxman, Kate Lynch and other starts arrived at the theatre.

The Genie Awards show, itself, was a glittering spectacle of star power. The best presenter was Donald Sutherland, who almost stole the show when he presented a special Air Canada Award to Famous Players chief George Destounis for his support of the Canadian film industry.

Bruno Gerussi was a fine host and the calibre of the telecast was unusually high — especially for a first-time.

The Changeling topped the awards with eight Genies, including Best Picture. Runner up was **Murder By Decree** with five.

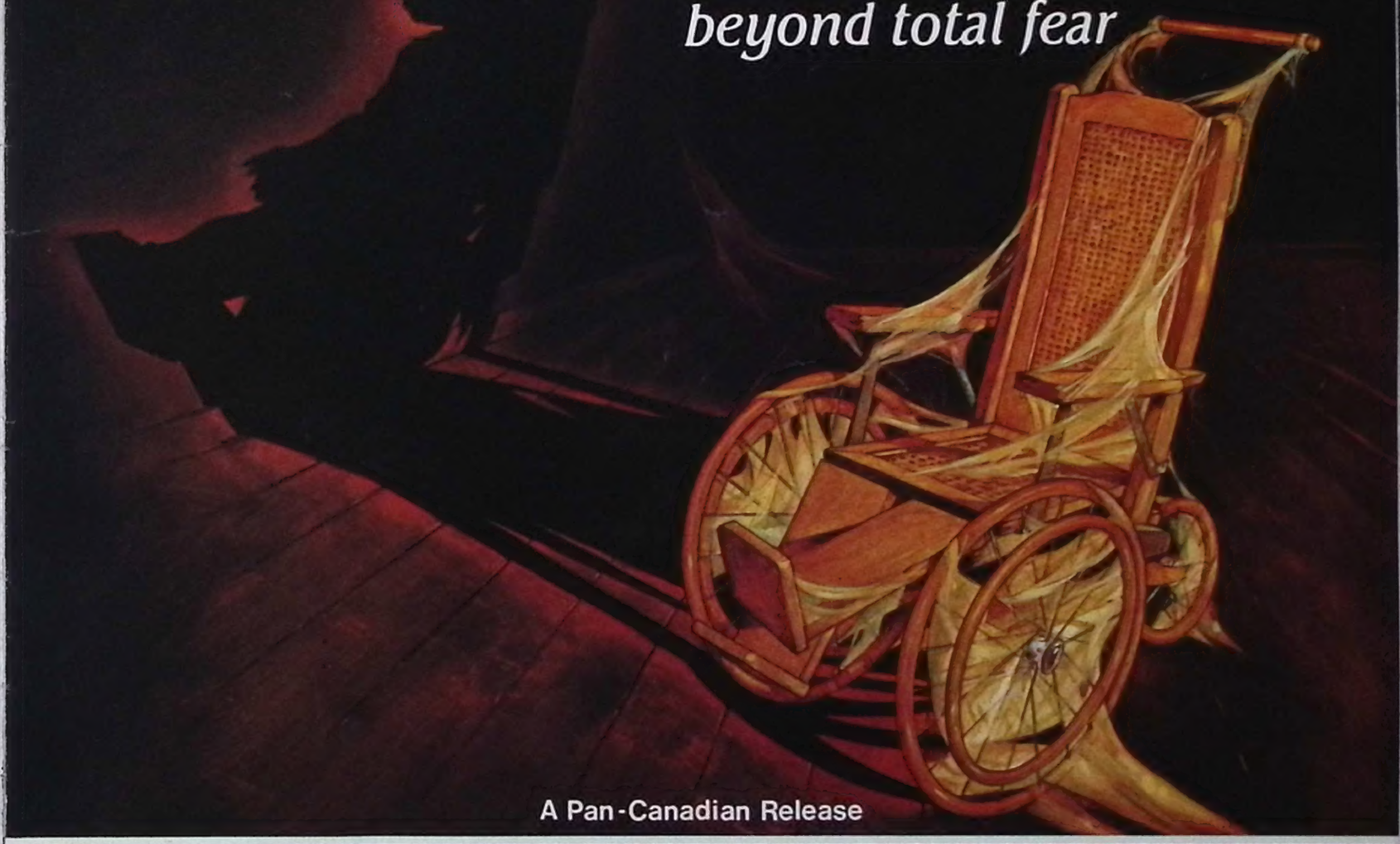
After the presentations, everyone made their way to Ed's Warehouse for one of his famous roast beef dinners. Every room in the restaurant was filled to capacity at the invitation only affair.

The first annual Genie Awards was definitely a success and we can look forward to Genie 1981 optimistically.★

"Winner of 8 Genies"
Including Best Picture
Best Foreign Actor – George C. Scott
Best Foreign Actress – Trish Van Devere

THE CHANGELING

An experience beyond total fear



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story by RUSSELL HUNTER screenplay by WILLIAM GRAY & DIANA MADDOX

produced by JOEL B. MICHAELS and GARTH H. DRABINSKY directed by PETER MEDAK

BRAVE NEW

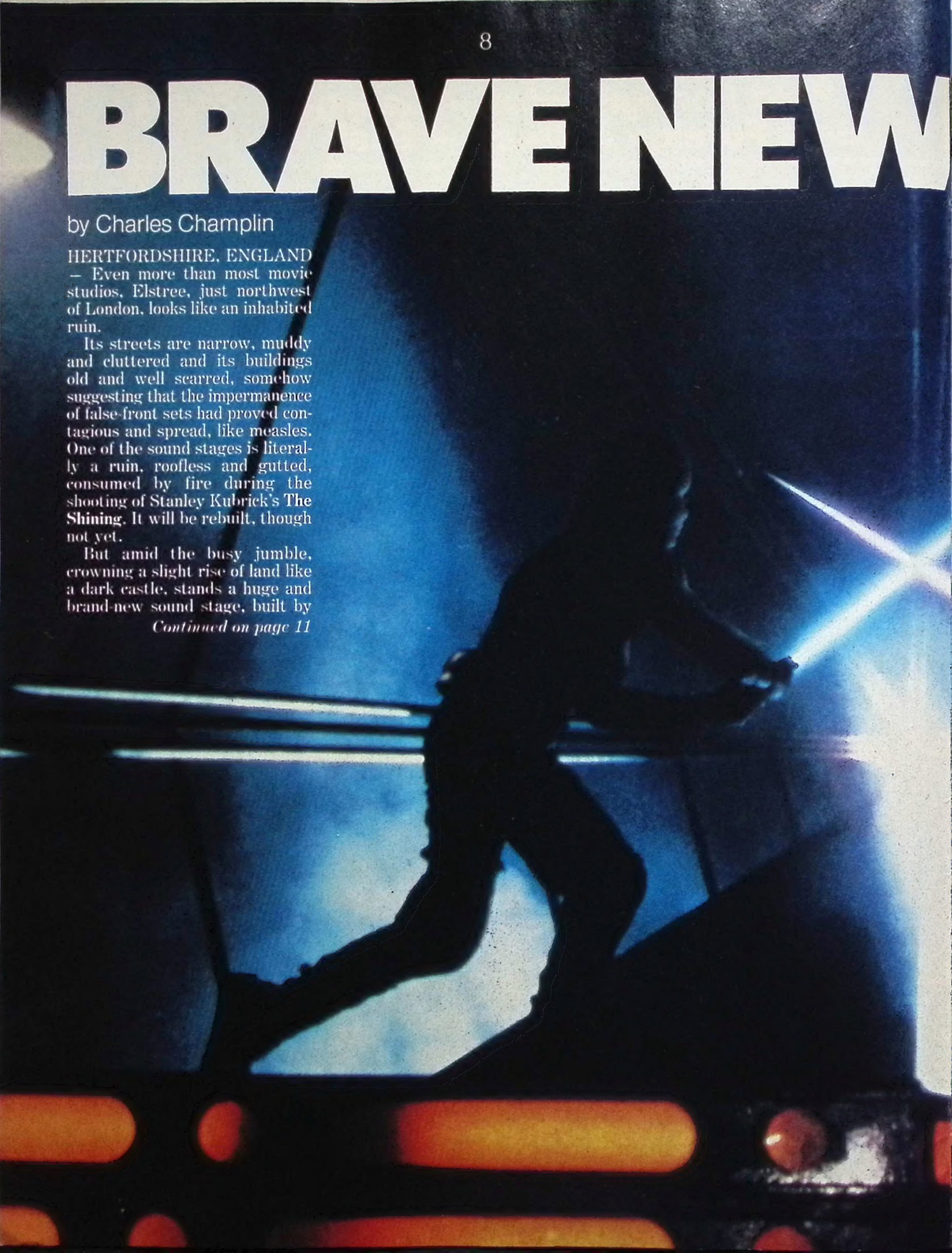
by Charles Champlin

HERTFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND – Even more than most movie studios, Elstree, just northwest of London, looks like an inhabited ruin.

Its streets are narrow, muddy and cluttered and its buildings old and well scarred, somehow suggesting that the impermanence of false-front sets had proved contagious and spread, like measles. One of the sound stages is literally a ruin, roofless and gutted, consumed by fire during the shooting of Stanley Kubrick's **The Shining**. It will be rebuilt, though not yet.

But amid the busy jumble, crowning a slight rise of land like a dark castle, stands a huge and brand-new sound stage, built by

Continued on page 11



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Continued from page 8

BRAVE NEW REBELLION

George Lucas under an arrangement with EMI, which owns Elstree, for the making of **The Empire Strikes Back**, as Star Wars II is being called.

It is second in size only to the huge James Bond stage at Shepperton, although that one is built around a vast tank, used for a submarine pen, which is costly to floor over for nonwet purposes.

The new Elstree stage, on which football could be played, has on a late spring morning been frosted inside, its cavernous interior decorated to resemble an enormous ice cave.

This is the ice planet Hoth, where our friends of the Rebel Alliance (Harrison Ford, Mark Hamill and Carrie Fisher) and their warriors have made a temporary headquarters in their grim galactic struggle against the once-admirable but now wicked Empire.

These interiors will match up with location footage shot in fierce weather conditions on a glacier at Finse, between Oslo and Bergen in Norway, the same spot at which Robert Scott trained for his ill-fated assault on the South Pole in 1910.

At temperatures of 15 below zero — and a windchill factor many degrees colder than that — cast and crew shot chases and struggles in the blinding snow, battles involving men, machines and large, llama-like but imaginary beasts called tauntauns, which are among the several inventions of these further **Star Wars** adventures.

Just now at Elstree, however, our friends are fleeing Hoth, whose residents have proved to be predictably cold and hostile. The stage, its floor covered with salt to resemble snow (hard on shoes; visitors are encouraged to wear plastic booties), is full of vehicles, futuristic personnel carriers, and small fighter craft called Armoredspeeders in the "SW" lexicon and resembling snowmobile gunships.

A large population of extras, some in white spacesuits, some in orange, are poised to run to their vehicles, cheering. A technician walks around laying down a thick curtain of smoke. Brilliant light at the far end of the stage suggests the snow plain outside.

"All civilians off, thank you, ready or not," an assistant director says politely through a bullhorn. Director Irvin Kershner and producer Gary Kurtz stand atop scaffolding, watching alongside the principal camera. A second camera is shooting at floor level. Hamill as Luke Skywalker is the only star in the shot and, in all his gear, he looks like an electronic toy.

The cry of action produces a stampede of movement, the speeders pushed across lens-view by unseen poles. Then, in the time-honored way of moviemaking, everyone gets set to do it again.

While the good guys were evacuating Hoth, crews on another stage were rushing to finish a large — spectacularly large — hanging black dome called the carbon freezing chamber, complete with a monstrous lifting claw and sufficient pipes and gizmos and sources of steam and smoke and lurid light to either solve the energy crisis or complicate it beyond any hope.

On another stage, a swamp planet was taking shape. Men were creating an extraterrestrial forest, smearing branches with hands dipped into battered dishpans full of brown polystyrene goo. With their basic mudpie technique, they looked charmingly old-fashioned in the context of this spaced-out tomorrow.

Altogether, the **Empire Strikes Back** team numbers more than 400, here and back in Los Angeles and Marvin County, where the special effects will be made and mated to the principal photography. There are some 250 people involved in construction alone, using techniques (vacuum-forming of shapes) and plastic materials that are miles beyond plaster of Paris.

You need only a quick look at the razzle-dazzle sets to know that vigorously combative and colorfully located action will be, as before, the major ingredient. But, Kurtz says, there is in fact more attention to character, including a certain amount of romantic tension in the triangle of Harrison Ford as Han Solo, Hamill as Luke Skywalker and Carrie Fisher as Princess Leia.

The effects are a high-risk part of production in both time and cost, with a tendency to swell in both areas. The problems of **Superman** and, more recently, **Star Trek** and **Meteor**, have confirmed the point.

"Computer technology now changes enough every six months to be almost unrecognizable," Kurtz says. Some of the equipment used in **Star Wars** was, in effect, homemade and hand-wired, and consequently difficult to diagnose and repair when it went awry. Much of the later computer-controlled equipment has been built of shelf items — standard, easily replaceable components — and Kurtz and Lucas hope for a slightly less nerve-racking time. (The last two effects and the last reel of **Star Wars** were ready only days before the scheduled theatrical openings.)

"It's tricky," says Kurtz. "One bad effect can ruin your whole movie. The viewers, including the kids, may not know why it's wrong, but they know it's wrong. On the other hand, if you try too hard to get everything perfect you chew up too much time. There are moments when it is very nice to think about shooting on top of Mount Everest with only an Arriflex and a Nagra to worry about."

Still, Kurtz says, you do dream of that quick, simple picture, three people in a boat on the French Riviera. But the pattern, he expects, doesn't much change.

"At the start, you're hoping for the best. Midway through, you just want to get the darned thing done. At the end, you're asking yourself if you can get through the day."★

by Jack Bond

The face that gazes steadily from the screen is etched deeply with the lines of a long life. The frazzled gray hair is gathered together carelessly, wisps of it blowing unheeded in the wind.

After 85 films over a career of 50 years, we can't help but see this face in all its ages: the debutante, the harlot, the shrew, the aging spinster, the kindly grandmother. All this exists at the same moment in this one aged face.

Bette Davis is the undisputed Grande Dame of the movie world and she has once again joined forces with the Disney Studios, which she calls the "last of the great movie studios in America."

The movie is **The Watcher in the Woods** and the mood is suspense-thriller — with a heavy accent on the mystical. Once again, Disney has looked outside our limited reality for a plot. **The Watcher in the Woods** explores cosmic happenstance with an exuberance that must have Mickey Mouse spinning on his tail.

In the film, the Curtis family arrives in England from the States for a lengthy stay. They rent a rambling old home from an aging eccentric (guess who), and settle in to a series of frightening, seemingly supernatural events. The mystery at the heart of this story centers on the disappearance of Karen Aylwood, the landlady's daughter, some 30 years before. The oldest Curtis girl is drawn into the mystery by her resemblance to the lost Karen.

Mysteries and mystery fans being what they are, that's all the plot that will be unwrapped in these pages. Naturally, though, there is lots of room for the special effects crew to tap-dance across the screen.

Joining Bette Davis in the film is Carroll Baker, playing her first 'Mum' role — a far cry from her days as a Hollywood sex symbol. She seems almost relieved to have finally grown old enough to play "more interesting and mature characters."

David McCallum, as Dad, has reacted well to being a part of a Disney family.

"The atmosphere's good and everyone's a joy to work with. I hope it won't be my last [Disney film].

"Since I'm playing Dad, maybe I'm taking over those kinds of parts that lovely Fred MacMurray played in so many pictures. That would be marvelous."

Mirror, Mirror

As Jan, the Curtis' 17-year-old daughter who becomes the catalyst in the solving of this mystery, Lynn-Holly Johnson gets the chance to take her acting career off the ice. Her motion picture debut was in **Ice Castles**, a film that drew more heavily on her Ice Capades experience than on her acting ability. This time out, triple toe loops don't count.

Every film must have a core. **The Watcher in the Woods** has Bette Davis at its center. The powerhouse of experience she brings to this film bubbles over and affects everyone in the cast. The role of Mrs. Aylwood is just the type of part Davis longed for during the period in her career when the only parts she was offered were crazies and derelicts. She managed to find something in even the meanest of roles to help her perfect her craft, and she kept right on acting through that lean period. And she was right. Her professional star rose again and she has once more been playing parts of remarkable strength and versatility. Most recently she won an Emmy for her performance in the TV movie, *Strangers: A Mother and Daughter.*

Newcomer Lynn-Holly Johnson has been learning some of the finer points of acting just by being on the same set as Bette Davis. Easy to understand, when you think that at about the time Lynn-Holly was born, Bette had made over 70 movies and was then playing Catherine the Great in **John Paul Jones** and a French countess in **The Scapegoat** with Alec Guinness.

But Bette's advice to any young actress is simple and straightforward.

"If I had any advice to offer to Lynn-Holly or to anyone beginning an acting career, it would be to abide by my own rule, which I've always observed from the first: Don't accept advice from anyone. Just go ahead and do it."

Like any self-respecting Grande Dame, Bette then proceeds to ignore her own advice and adds a hint or two.

"Of course, anyone starting an acting career should ideally begin on stage — it's the only way to get that essential basic training and experience."

That start certainly worked for her, guiding her through a long and varied career to a position of security in the hierarchy of stars.

"The only thing that continually amazes me, I suppose, is that I'm still alive and working after all this time."★

In The Woods

SOMEWHERE OV

by Martine Becu

Jodie Foster has created something of a sensation ever since the day she entered showbiz.

For her television debut she appeared topless. Shameless sexploitation? Not exactly. It was for the original Coppertone commercial and she was only three years old at the time.

Foster has stretched the concept of "child actress" — a label she scorns — so often and so naturally, that her admirers simply think of her as a screen actress, period.

Ask half a dozen moviegoers when they first saw Jodie Foster and you'll get just as many answers. Some remember her as the homicidal **Little Girl Down The Lane**, spiking Martin Sheen's tea with arsenic; others recall her as the wine-drinking pre-teen tomboy in **Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore**. Or as Barbara Harris' magical offspring in **Freaky Friday**.

But the two pictures that launched her into the big-league were, of course, Martin Scorcese's **Taxi Driver** and Alan Parker's **Bugsy Malone**.

Foster created one of the most sensational roles in screen annals — with her portrayal of the wise-cracking hooker in Scorcese's Manhattan psychodrama — at the ripe age of 12.

When Foster first read Scorcese's script, she thought the part was great for a 21-year-old, but couldn't believe they were offering it to her. But they were, and with her mother's consent she tackled a role that would have been unthinkable for a 12-year-old only a few years earlier.

Foster set a precedent, but not without a fight. There was a prolonged legal battle with the Los Angeles Welfare Board, a group that monitors the activities of young performers, and a long session with a psychiatrist. The ever-present social worker on her sets wouldn't let her do the sex scenes until a psychiatrist confirmed that the experience would not injure her emotionally.

Finally it was agreed that Foster could play the role, provided an older double replace her in the "more sexually explicit" scenes.

At that time, Jodie's mother selected all her scripts, sat in on all her interviews, and ran all interference for her. Brandy Foster knows the movie business — having worked as a publicist prior to becoming Jodie's full-time manager and advisor — and is determined to make sure her daughter is not exploited. As Jodie puts it, "We're a real team."

Jodie Foster is 17 years old now and has been a working actress for 13 of those years. In that time she has made 17 films, won two British Oscars, two Italian Oscars, and Academy and Golden Globe nominations. She has traveled the world, winning the praise of her peers.

She still has that childlike madonna look and the disarmingly deep baritone that wowed us years ago, but somewhere along the way, Jodie Foster has become a woman.

And in her latest film, **Carny**, in which she co-stars with Gary Busey and Robbie Robertson, Foster is for the first time portraying a character decidedly more of an adult than a child.

Foster plays the young waitress, Donna, who escapes the oppression of her small-town life by running away with the touring Great American Carnival and joining the troupe's strip show.

Foster acknowledges that "the big difference in **Carny** is that Donna has a knowingness at the end. There is an evolution in the character that I haven't had a chance to portray in my other films."

Before Foster was offered this part, everyone kept telling her that she would have to work through a transition period in her career. They were referring to that difficult moment when a child star is suddenly a young woman and neither producers nor filmgoers know how to handle her. But Foster disagreed.

"I passed that stage long ago," she responds confidently. "I don't think the roles in **Taxi Driver** or **Bugsy Malone** have been the so-called 'typical teenagers.' They all dealt with real feelings that a person 25, 35 or 80 might have."

And although **Carny** deals with a girl who runs away with a seedy, honky-tonk show, director Robert Kaylor's real focus is on the human drama of two men, whose devoted friendship is threatened by their mutual love for the same woman.

Initially, Donna gets involved with Frankie (played by Gary Busey), the star of the carnival's "bozo" game. Frankie dresses in garish clown makeup and coveralls and perches in a cage above a tank of frigid water, goading potential "marks" into paying to pitch balls at him.

The second "carny" she seduces is Patch (played by Robbie Robertson, who is also the film's producer), the man who settles all disputes on the midway. Patch is Frankie's closest friend and the only one who can talk him out of his rages when his "bozo act" becomes too real.

In time, Donna makes love to them both and puts their friendship to the test. But she belongs to neither of them. She belongs to the carnival.

Once again, Foster plays a role that was originally written for a woman in her twenties. And although even more is demanded of her in **Carny** than was required of her in **Taxi Driver**, Foster's main concern about playing a young

VER THE MIDWAY

woman seems to be that she "can't walk like a truck driver anymore."

Growing up in show business has given Foster some intriguing insights into adult life.

"The thing is, when you're a child and you're working, and they're paying you, you're treated as a prodigy. You say something or make some suggestion and everyone says, 'How bright, how perceptive, how intuitive!' And then you grow up and say the same things and suddenly you're cocky or insolent. An 'insolent young woman.'

"When I was a kid I used to go to auditions in a T-shirt. Like who ever changed their jeans for an audition? That's when you're a kid.

"Now I don't go to auditions," she adds with a wry smile. "I go to interviews with producers. And I dress up a bit. And they say 'stand over there, turn around, well, your hips are all right, yes, okay, maybe.' And I'm standing there speechless thinking, hold it! You're on trial here, not me! I'm looking you over, mister!"

Asked whether she would prefer to work with women directors, Foster's response raised a few eyebrows.

"Not if I can help it," she mutters. "That's because women can see right through you. They're smarter than men; you can't con them. When the director is a man you can say" — she switches to a sweet, little-girl voice — "'Oh gee, is it okay if I take an extra ten minutes for lunch?' But not with a woman. They never let you get away with that."

Does she really want to get away with it?

"Everybody wants to get away with something, I guess," she says with a shrug.

But, one suspects, the main thing Foster wants to pull off is, simply, to be the best at whatever she does.★

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LIFE OF DUDLEY... AND MOORE

by Lyle Slack

Dudley Moore lives in Marina del Ray now. It must seem strange after spending a lifetime in England.

The house sits on the beach and the sun pours in the living room windows, bleaching the beige and white room and making the large black piano dominate even more.

Dudley Moore likes to drink Tab and he likes to drive his white 1963 Bentley to Chez Hélène for lunch. In fact, he likes life in general these days.

"I just assume now that everything I do will be wonderful, even if it's not," he explained to *Rolling Stone* magazine last November. **10**, the movie that

Continued on page 19

Walker's Special Old Rye Whisky.

Unique blending. Patient aging. Smooth taste.

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Continued from page 17

LIFE OF DUDLEY... AND MOORE

suddenly made life for Moore so likable, was cresting very high at the box office at the time.

"You know what I mean? There are always going to be people who don't like what you do, but who cares? You're bound to reach people who enjoy you, if you're being yourself, because that's so attractive."

It sounds like the sort of ego-supporting stuff you would learn in therapy, which in fact is probably where Dudley Moore got it. You go to psychiatrists for 15 years, as Moore has, and you're bound to pick up something. Of course, when you're only five-feet-two and have a club foot and an inferiority complex left over from the working-class village of Dagenham, near London — there's a lot of leeway for headway.

As it happens, Moore picked up more than a philosophy of life. It was at a group therapy session in Los Angeles that he met Blake Edwards, the producer-director behind the lucrative **Pink Panther** comedies, who was then preparing to shoot **10**.

George Segal had originally been signed to play the part of George Webber, the successful L.A. composer who works through a mid-life crisis with the generous assistance of Bo Derek and Ravel. Segal quit three days before shooting was to start (reportedly because the script was revised to favor Edwards' wife, Julie Andrews), and Dudley Moore, fresh from therapy, charged into the breach. In retrospect, you wonder why Edwards had not thought of composer-pianist-comedian Moore from the start.

"It was extraordinary," Moore remarked afterward, "that I was all the things this man was in the film. The only thing we dropped was smoking a cigar, which I don't do. I didn't want to wear sunglasses, but Blake kept insisting. I think maybe he wanted me to wear them because he wears them all the time."

So now **10** and Dudley Moore, not to mention Bo Derek, have secure places in Hollywood history, and Moore at age 44 is savoring the first bloom of genuine stardom.

"I have this very romantic notion of wanting to be a film star," he explained to *Rolling Stone*. "All the money . . . adoration . . . all those 10's flopping around, dropping their drawers, saying 'Please f-- me.' That's basically it . . . apart from the Christian qualities of filmmaking . . . wanting to do it for Jesus . . . the betterment of Mankind."

Which leads us directly to Dudley Moore's new film in which, though he doesn't play Jesus, he gets pretty close. **Wholly Moses** is the film, and since this is a Biblical tale, neither Bo Derek nor *Bolero* makes an appearance. Nearly everyone else in Hollywood does, however.

Laraine Newman, one of the original Not Ready for Prime Time Players on *Saturday Night Live*, makes her motion picture debut as Zeralda, a lovely, fun-loving shepherd's daughter. She ends up marrying Herschel (played by Moore), who believes it is his mission to lead the masses into the Promised Land.

Dom DeLuise is Shadrack, an old acquaintance who happens to bump into Herschel in the middle of the desert. John Houseman is an archangel determined to wipe out hell-raising New Sodom, and Madeline Kahn a sorceress who runs a profitable business peddling passion fruits and leather.

John Ritter is the devil, Richard Pryor the Pharaoh, James Coco Herschel's devoted father and Jack Gilford a tailor whose biggest client is the village giant.

If it sounds quite unlike **10**, it is

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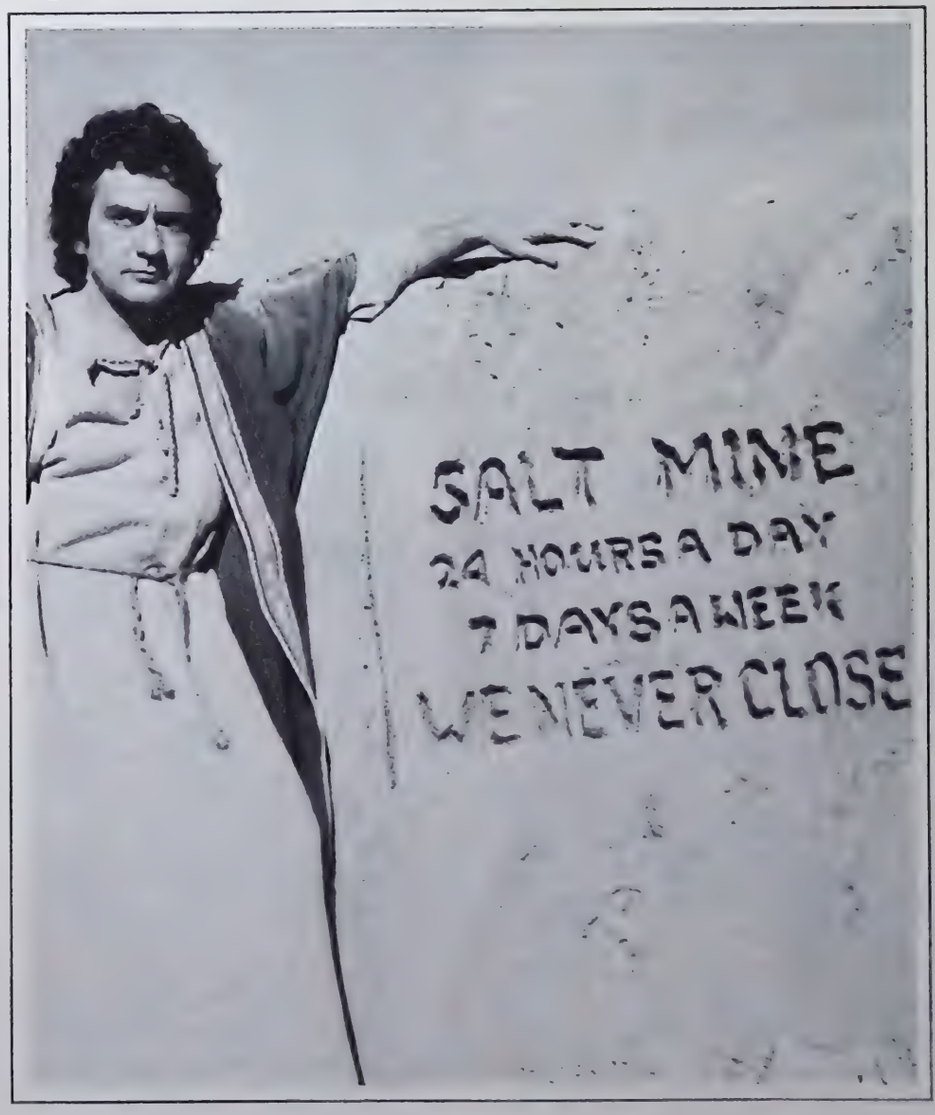

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LIFE OF DUDLEY... AND MOORE

in fact much more in the vein of what Dudley Moore has done for 20 years, mostly on the stage in London and New York.

"You know," says Lou Zamprogna, who now runs a dance school in Hamilton, Ontario, but ten years ago was working with Moore on a BBC variety show, "the funny thing is he's been around for years and years and now America has discovered Dudley Moore because of **10**.

"He's an hysterically funny man. Even working with him you never knew whether to take anything seriously. He was like another Victor Borge, you know. He could play the piano beautifully, but you never knew whether he was going to quite make it through the piece because he might break into a comedy routine along the way."

Together with Cockney comic Peter Cook, Moore spent nearly ten years in two very successful stage revues, *Beyond the Fringe* and *Good Evening*. The two also collaborated on a couple of comedy albums reminiscent of the outrageous sketches of Cheech and Chong. There were films, but nothing clicked for Moore until 1978 when he played the pudgy swinger trying to seduce Goldie Hawn with a bedroom full of rubber dolls and other dubious toys in **Foul Play**.

Moore admits now to spending much of his offbeat comedy career with guilt feelings that he wasn't accomplishing the important or "eternal" things he thought he should have been, either with his writing or his music (he holds two music degrees from Oxford).

"It's really a question of trying to emerge from the sort of trance that a lot of us have been in for much of our lives," Moore says now, "feeling that the world and people aren't really available to us, that things are unattainable and will only remain as fantasies in our lives. Most people don't feel they can choose what they do and act upon their feelings because they don't trust their feelings. So, they reject them all the time. George (Webber, from **10**) is such a bag of neuroses."

Dudley Moore came to comedy, as many comedians seem to, out of self-defense, first at grammar school where he was the class clown, then at Oxford where cabaret comedy turned the trick.

"Going to college, Oxford or Cambridge, was some sort of amazing dream, you know. Suddenly you would be in the old-boy network of things. This was the élite. I don't know what to compare it to — maybe getting the Nobel Prize or something. Being President. So when I got the scholarship to Oxford, it was such a monumental clang. It was a culture shock.

"Los Angeles is supposed to be a culture shock. Nothing. Nothing like this was to me. Nothing like it was leaving a working-class district and meeting up with rich boys for the first time ever. You know, they talked like this, very jolly and simply perfectly confident at the table, very smooth. And I talked like this with everything stuck in my mouth."

There's nothing stuck in Dudley Moore's mouth these days. Unless it's the stuffed cabbage at Chez Hélène. Or a Tab, with the Pacific sunshine washing over his body like the warmth of success at last.

REAL TO REEL BROTHERS

by Martine Becu

The Long Riders, an action drama about America's most famous post-Civil War outlaws — the James brothers and the Younger brothers — is a rare story of brotherly love and perseverance, both on and off the screen.

This $10 million epic stars four sets of real actor-brothers and took nine long years to reach the screen.

When James and Stacy Keach selected **The Long Riders** as the title of their new film, they were merely adopting the actual term used in the post-Civil War era to denote outlaws who rode a long way to escape the pursuit of the law. Little did they know the irony involved.

The James brothers had an extraordinarily long ride. Jesse and Frank James (played in the film by James and Stacy Keach, respectively) started on the outlaw trail in 1867 and Jessie wasn't killed until 1882. The merry-go-round for the Keach brothers was nine years.

James Keach, better known as Stacy's brother than as an actor, conceived the project, wrote the script and served as its midwife.

The Long Riders began in 1971 when James and Stacy were making a film about the Wright brothers. "The experience was such a high," says James, "that we wanted to continue working together."

James also admits that he didn't have too many alternatives. While his famous brother couldn't keep up with the job offers, James was struggling to get bit parts.

James' face is too strong to be handsome and his stare too determined to win him many good-guy roles. So with Stacy's financial backing, James wrote himself a role: a musical about the Jesse James legend. After a brief run on the stage, the Keaches decided to write a screenplay in which they could co-star.

James mentioned the project to Robert Carradine while they were filming **The Hatfields and McCoys** in 1974. Carradine asked Keach if he could write in parts for the Carradine brothers, and the idea of having several sets of actor-brothers portraying several sets of legendary outlaw brothers was born.

"It all fits," James declares. "All those guys in Clay County, Missouri, had brothers. They all stuck by each other — the James boys, the Daltons, the Clantons, the Earps."

Stacy and James, who are also executive producers, star as Frank and Jesse James; while David, Keith and Robert Carradine star as Cole, James and Bobby Younger. In addition, Randy and Dennis Quaid star as Clell and Ed Miller, two of the gang's lesser-known outlaws, and Nicholas and Christopher Guest play Bob and Charley Ford, the two brothers who eventually gun down Jesse James.

Understandably, the various sets of brothers were reluctant to turn down other projects until there was something concrete. That's when the arduous task of finding financial backing for the project began.

It was a chicken-and-egg situation. According to James Keach, none of the studios were interested in the project because westerns were then considered a bad risk, and none of the studio executives believed that so many brothers could actually be delivered when it came time to shoot.

"What it came down to is that everyone wanted to make the film," Keith Carradine asserted, "but in order for people to be willing to turn off other engagements and other offers, they had to have something pretty solid." Carradine continued, "Finally the deal that was worked out was that everyone was getting 25 per cent of whatever their salary would be, as a holding fee. Once that had taken place, then suddenly the thing was real."★

MACHO, MACHO Music

by Clarke Taylor

NEW YORK — There are two stories about how the Village People came together. One was fashioned for film audiences in Allan Carr's **Can't Stop the Music**. The other is the real story.

In Carr's film (he wrote the screenplay with Bronte Woodward — Carr and Woodward are the **Grease** team), Jack Morell (played by Steven Guttenberg), a naive composer/lyricist, sets out with his Kewpie-dollish girlfriend (Valerie Perrine) to find six performers to tape his music. Some are in uniform, such as a "half cop," or a dancing bartender in Indian regalia; others develop their costumes from fantasy (a former model for construction boots fantasizes being a construction worker, in mirrored shades).

In actuality, a Frenchman, Jacques Morali, spotted the dancing Indian at a Greenwich Village bar and later at a costume party held by Les Mouche, a disco with a then-largely gay clientele.

Morali, who came to the U.S. as the winner of a Twentieth Century-Fox slogan contest, previously had promoted the Ritchie Family. He says he developed the idea for the Village People on the basis of what he terms the "mythic American male images" he'd seen at the costume party.

In truth, the gays at Les Mouche had taken the opportunity to display the camp remnants of their evolution, routinely displayed in the Village. They were now "macho men."

Along with the dancing Indian, singers Alexander Briley and Victor Willis (recently replaced in the group by Ray Simpson) were recruited by Morali — and dressed as a GI and a cop, respectively — and the threesome recorded the first album, *Village People*.

According to Ray Caviano, who helped promote Village People and who now heads Warner Bros. disco division, the 1977 Casablanca album was directed to gay disco markets, where such songs as "Fire Island" and Casablanca's "San Francisco" sold well.

Soon thereafter, auditions were held for three additional singers, and Morali chose Randy Jones (the cowboy) and Davis Hodo (the construction worker), both pursuing careers on the musical stage, and Glenn Hughes, a former New York tunnel toll collector and self-described "leather man."

"It was Morali's idea to create an act made up of amazingly dressed homosexual stereotypes," wrote a pop critic recently, "to write disco songs spoofing homosexual fantasies and then to package the whole enterprise with plenty of nonthreatening good cheer to Middle America."

This reporter, however, was

Continued on page 26

VILLAGE
PEOPLE

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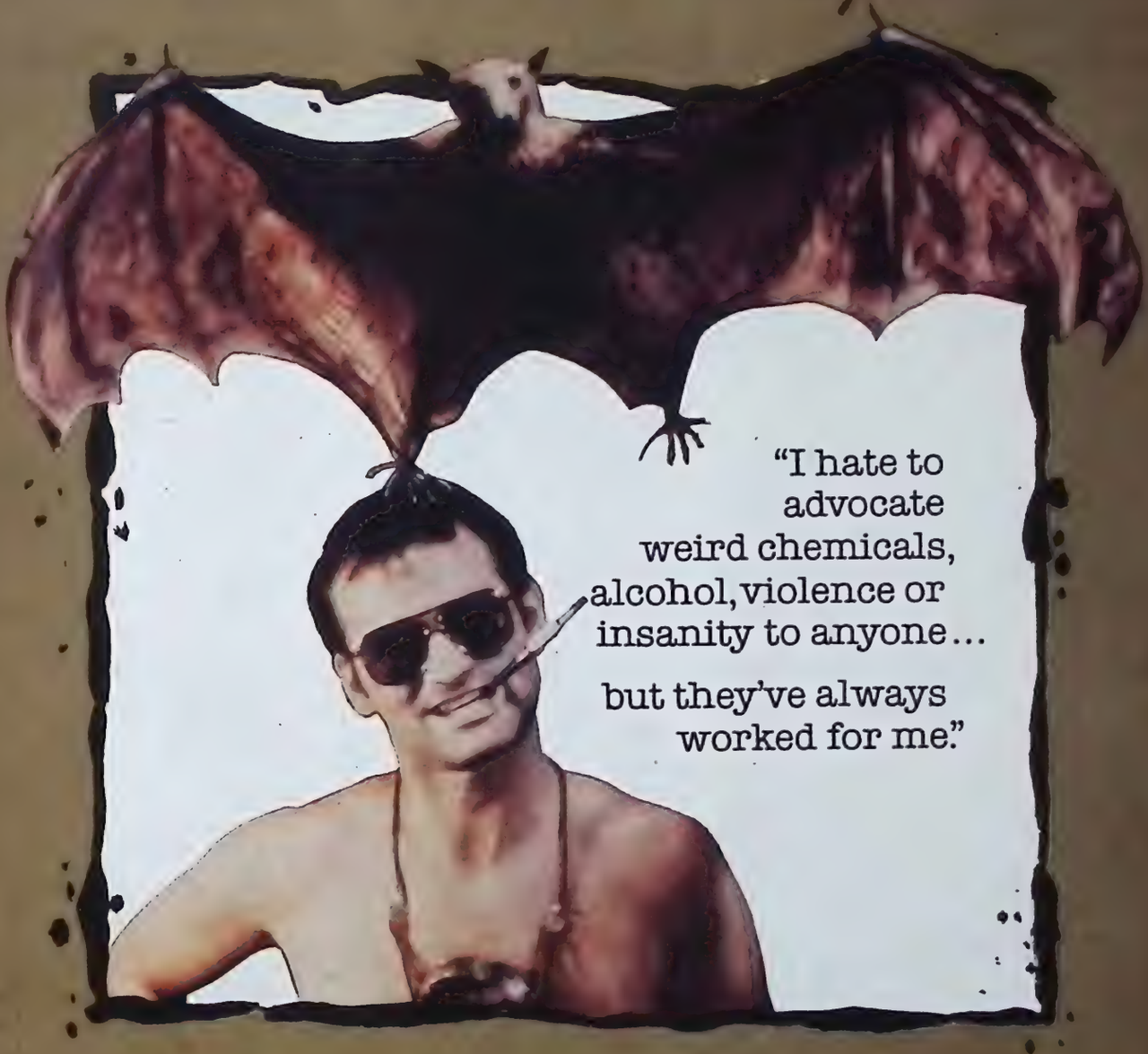

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Continued from page 22

MACHO, MACHO Music

cautioned by both production and the Village People to not even raise the subject of the group's gay origins to Morali. Indeed, when questioned in his platinum-record-lined Manhattan office, he circumvented even the subtlest of innuendo: "Everyone can interpret what they see the way they wish."

Morali was willing to discuss his group's success with a broad spectrum of music fans and said that he anticipated even wider audiences when "the new look" of the Village People — in response to criticism that they have lacked variety — is unveiled with the release of their fifth album, *Sleazy*.

He also said that both he and his partner, Henri Belolo, as co-producers with Carr of the EMI-financed film, as well as members of his group, would share in a percentage of any profits. Morali's own score for the **Can't Stop The Music** album would be released prior to the release of the film. The only old hit, "YMCA" (which sold 12 million copies or twice the number of any single in record history, according to *Rolling Stone*), has 250 athletes and dancers on screen, as well as Perrine; apparently, the lyrics steer clear of the same-sex references that initially caught the attention of the gay disco market.

Whether or not this was a question of exploiting the gay community for economic gain, then denying its influence on mass culture, it was Morali who manufactured the "package." Carr was merely making a movie.

Carr rested his hopes on the obvious: the appeal of a musical phenomenon with worldwide sales of 20 million single records and 12 million albums already to its credit, plus sold-out performances on a recently completed national tour — from the Greek Theater to Madison Square Gardens.

And to surround the group in its first feature, Carr selected an interesting cast: Bruce Jenner, towering over everybody and looking nervous enough to be making his first film; actresses Valerie Perrine, Tammy Grimes, June Havoc and Barbara Rush, and a company of 18 dancers.

The producer, known for what he termed his "mix-and-match" approach to casting, reached out further and grabbed the unlikeliest of "newcomer" directors for the project, Nancy Walker, and scheduled a month-long rehearsal period to try to "fit all the pieces together."

Just as the public presentation of the Village People had evolved, Carr's picture would have to tell a story that would be acceptable to his **Grease** audience — which gave him the idea for the film project in the first place.

"What I saw," recalled Carr, "was my **Grease** audience — Middle-American students with their dates — responding to a group I knew nothing about. I have to respect the moviegoing audience, so I stopped to evaluate the sound, the energy, the sexuality. It's a cross between serious and camp, straight and gay.

"These audiences don't stop to think where the group came from, they just relate to whatever they see as 'hot.' The girls want to take the members of the group home and their boyfriends aren't resentful, and that's what makes movie stars.

"Besides, we don't know what these audiences know or don't know, and we're not asking what the teenagers of the eighties are really doing with one another. People certainly are more aware of sexualities now than they were in 1949."

In that case, will Carr's fictionalized account explore the real-life milieu? Will the many scenes shot at Sheridan Square locations, the center of the gay community in Greenwich Village, make the square look as it really does?

Maybe. As Carr said one afternoon on location there, in half-schtick: "Valerie Perrine's going to turn the Village straight . . . until 6 P.M."★

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Oh, No, M

by Colin Dangaard

ANTIGUA — For Michael Caine, **The Island** is a different kind of story. "It is," he says, "like nothing I've ever done before. And it will look like nothing anybody has ever seen."

The story is from Peter (*Jaws*) Benchley, and the producers (who gave Benchley $2 million for the screen rights to his novel, *The Island*) are Richard Zanuck and David Brown.

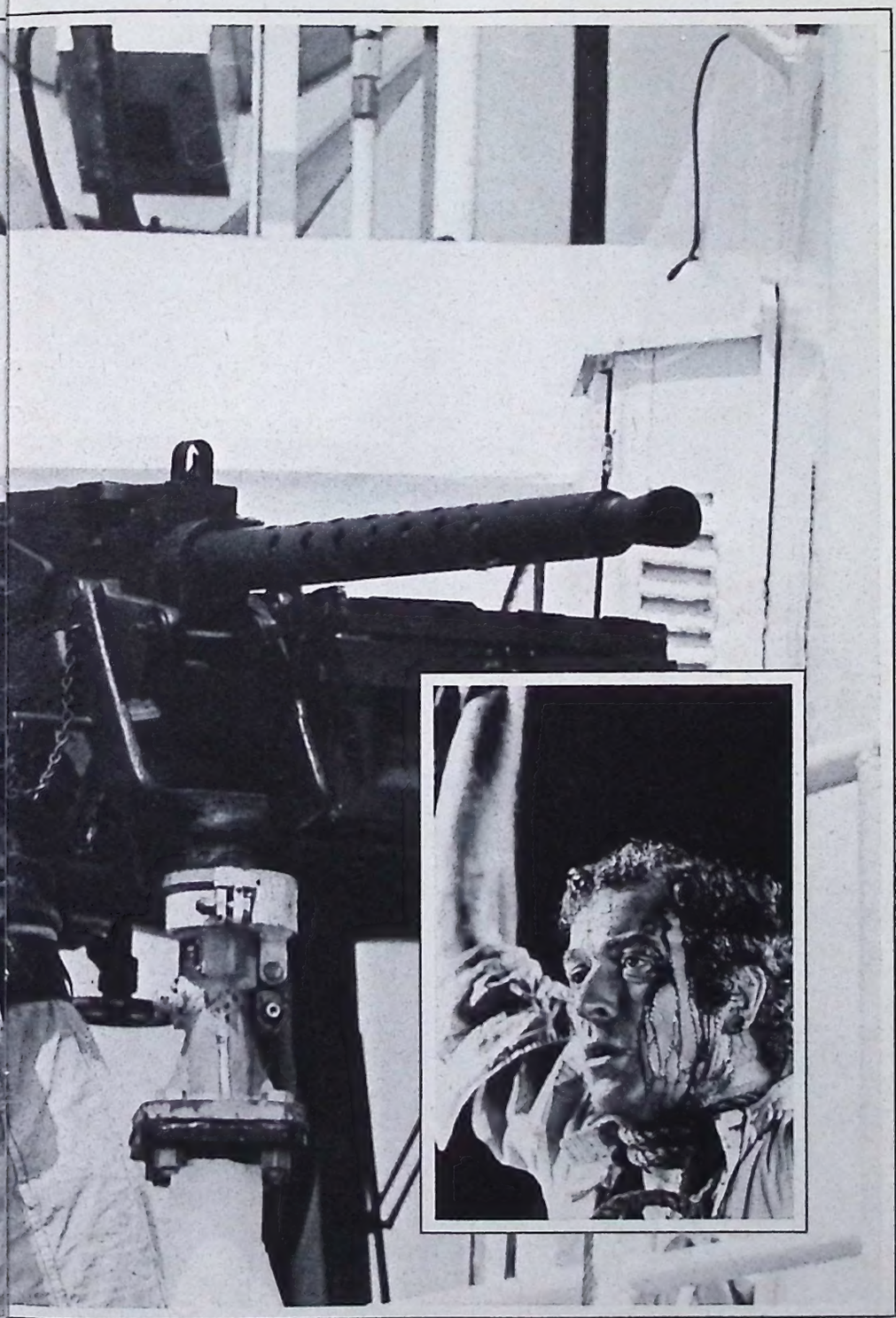
Certainly, the premise is wild. Benchley suggests boats reported missing in the "Bermuda Triangle" actually fall victim to pirates who live in the Caribbean, holed up in remote swamps, their daggers in the past, their bodies in the present.

For the sake of good storytelling, Benchley focuses on a single band of pirates (led by British actor David Warner) that is discovered by an investigative reporter from New York (Michael Caine) — who is captured and thrown into bed with a pirate lady (Angela Punch McGregor), to sire a new pirate leader, unencumbered by the defects of centuries of inbreeding.

Thus, Benchley's pirates live in a world cluttered with the plunder of modern pleasure craft and ruled by traditional savagery; television sets and electronic equipment rust in heaps in the swamp, while pirates plunge blades into boaters' veins.

Despite chuckles from Antigua natives, Benchley is sticking with his premise, insisting the idea came to him when he himself was pirated as a member of an archeo-

R. PIRATE



logical expedition working the southeast Bahamas.

"At the same time," he says, "I read an article in *The New York Times* that said 610 boats had been stolen in this area in the last three years, with the loss of more than two thousand lives.

"I put the two together, and came up with *The Island*."

As soon as Benchley reached for his typewriter keys, producers reached into pockets; Benchley, after all, was hot off **Jaws**, **Jaws II** and **The Deep**.

One entrepreneur, he says, wanted to pay him half a million dollars "just to hear the idea," with an additional million for "an exclusive look at the finished manuscript."

Recalls Benchley: "I was stunned. I told him, 'But you have no idea what this story is about. It could be about two ducks who live up in the mountains.'

"'Oh,' they kept saying, 'we know you wouldn't be writing about ducks up in mountains.'"

In another area of the set, staffed by some 300 actors, craftsmen and technicians, director Michael Ritchie, 40, is pouring over a book full of pirates in Polaroid.

It's not a good day for Ritchie. Storm warnings have washed out his second unit, and the local custom of "wandering off" has seriously depleted the ranks of his pirates.

"The people," he moans, "just don't understand that our costs run $100,000 a day!"

Still, on this set he doesn't face the physical dangers of his most

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Oh, No, MR. PIRATE

recent big hit, **The Bad News Bears**. Tatum O'Neal sank her teeth into his hand on that picture.

"She was chewing gum on the set and I told her to take it out of her mouth, and that if she didn't, I'd take it out for her," says Ritchie.

"When I was ready to shoot the scene, she was still chewing gum, so I reached into her mouth — the dumbest thing I've ever done in my life — and she bit me.

"I yanked out my hand and, I'm proud to say, I drew blood — hers. She went screaming off to the nurse, yelling that I had physically abused her."

Ritchie has a reputation for working amid chaos, so he's right at home here with driving winds, rains, vanishing pirates and sets sinking into the swamp.

"When nobody quite knows what is going to happen, you get those magical moments that make great film. I drive people crazy with what might appear to be a lack of organization and communication, but there is a method to my madness."

Almost all the speaking actors in this picture are non-American, falling in line with Ritchie's conviction that pirates should talk with English accents.

He justifies Caine as an English correspondent resident in the U.S. because it's a fact that America is heavily sprinkled with English reporters.

He claims a flair for casting, pointing out it was he who chose the kids in **Bad News Bears**. He also cast the key people in **Semi-Tough, The Candidate** and **Smile**.

"My decisions," he says, "are totally intuitive." He cast Angela Punch McGregor for this picture when he saw her in a film shown aboard a flight to Sydney.

When he arrived in Australia, he discovered that Angela had won the year's Oscar equivalent to both Best Actress and Best Supporting Actress.

Some of the longest meetings that take place on **The Island** are between Ritchie and Benchley, as they constantly rewrite Benchley's script.

Interestingly, the author does not mind this, admitting now that he was ultimately proved wrong with similar arguments with directors of the **Jaws** movies, and **The Deep**.

He had actually walked out on the last two movies.

"But this time," he says, "I asked Ritchie if I could go the whole way, and he said I could but warned it would not be easy. It hasn't."

Michael Caine, 46, pops another beer from his very own cooler which, in different circumstances, would be positioned behind his chair. To position anything behind this seat would invite plunder from swamp creatures unidentified.

Caine savagely flattens a winged warrior between his palm and cheek and grumbles that stardom is not always what he figured it would be.

But it's certainly better than being called Maurice Micklewhite and "schlepping" iced fish in a London market, which is where he was headed like generations of Micklewhites — before he rebelled and went into acting.

After ten years of theatre, he moved to movies, burned up an early marriage, cut a blistering path through some of the most beautiful and eligible ladies in the world, and settled, in 1973, for former Miss Guyana, Shakira Baksh.

Today they live happily in Beverly Hills, Caine being one of the latest superstars to flee Britain's 87 per cent tax bite — which Margaret Thatcher's government recently dropped to 60 per cent.

Caine, however, is not distraught at this poor timing. He says he didn't want to come to Hollywood until he felt sure of his relationship with Shakira.

"I thought a lot about the town's destructive influences on marriages," he says, "and I wanted to feel we could survive them."

The Caines are part of a social set that is very Commonwealth. Sean Connery sleeps over when he is town. So does Roger Moore. British painter David Hockney and writer Robert Bolt are also stopover friends.

Coincidentally, two of Shakira's closest friends — her London hairdresser, and a former Miss Cyprus — had already moved independently to Los Angeles when the Caines arrived over a year ago.

"I am happy with Hollywood," says Caine. "This is where the good scripts are. But Shakira, she is deliriously happy.

"I've enjoyed a lot of success. I've become a wealthy man. But the nice thing is, I feel it's just beginning."

Back at the bar, Peter Benchley, chronicler of the deep, is doodling on a napkin. Heads lift. Questions arise.

Are we witness here to the birth of another $2 million story?

"Naw," says Benchley. "Just thinking about a couple of ducks who live up in the mountains."★

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